

The Midsummer Moon.

TO-MORROW night the moon is full, near the middle of the Summer season as it is ordinarily measured, beginning with the first of June. While looking at it, it will be interesting to reflect that it is shining with dazzling brilliance in the icy South Polar night, while there is no night and no moonlight at the North Pole.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

Harold Used To Be Away a Good Deal and When He Returned He Was Horrible to See.

Part One—(Continued)

"Gradually," so Esther continued. "I noticed a change in Harold, and it was a change for the worse. He used to be away a good deal. I don't know why, but I always thought he went to Adderly and when he came back it was horrible to see him. You know how strong and broad he was? Well, his shoulders seemed to have fallen, and he stooped like an old man."

"He shambled when he walked—as a matter of fact, he hardly ever walked, not in the garden, that is to say, as he used to do. He used to walk up and down in his room, though—all night long. I could often hear him, for my room adjoins one of his, and the sound was most pitiful. Then his face changed—oh, how terribly it changed! All the flesh seemed to leave it, and it was as if the skin was just drawn over bones. You remember Mr. Froben, the rector of Helme? Harold's face became just like his. I begged him to see a doctor, but he always curtly refused. You see, his manner changed, too, and when he spoke—which was not often—he was quite rough. He would not allow me to have any guests in the house, and he told Dr. Fleetwood—you remember Dr. Fleetwood? He has a practice near here—he told Dr. Fleetwood that he did not want him prying about; that was his expression. Dr. Fleetwood thinks that Harold is addicted to some drug—probably morphine."

"He has contracted the drug habit," interrupted the drug habit. "I can tell you for certain."

"How do you know?" Esther's voice expressed her surprise. "I will tell you later," said Lillian, "after you have finished your story."

"You see how lonely I am," Esther went on. "Harold has at last isolated himself completely. He occupies one wing of the house, and he has practically shut it off from the rest. I see him only when he goes out and returns. He takes no notice of me at all now, and does not interfere if I have anyone to see me. It is almost as if he did not know of other people's presence. He allows me to go into his room, and, at least, except his own servant—such a horrid creature—you will see him, a foreigner, who can scarcely speak English."

"And now such strange things are happening, happening, while Harold is away. I hardly know how to explain them or to tell you why I am frightened—but I am afraid, Lillian, horribly afraid."

As she spoke the carriage had turned into the drive, and a few moments later it came into sight. The hall looked cheerful enough as the door was thrown open and two or three men servants appeared to offer their services. One of them stood silently in the background, and his dark, evil face attracted Lillian's attention.

"Is that the man?" she whispered to Esther. "Yes," was the reply. "I tell you, Lillian, that I am afraid!" Lillian and Esther were unable to renew their conversation after dinner that night, for, following their arrival at the Towers, there was but time to dress before a song announced that the evening meal was served. During dinner, owing to the presence of servants, they had to restrict their talk to commonplace. Lillian noticed that the foreign man servant, who had been struck by her as being so peculiarly evil, did not again put in an appearance.

Neither of the two women was hungry, and the meal was, therefore, a perfunctory one. "I had ordered dinner in the morning room," Esther explained, herself conscious of the peculiar atmosphere. "But Mrs. Borradale always insisted upon using the hall for the evening meal. It was a matter of sentiment with her, and somehow, though she has gone, we have never abandoned the practice. You may imagine how lonely it was for me last night—sitting here all by myself. It's the right in summer, when the shutters can be kept open, and in the daytime the room is cheerful enough—but somehow I have got to hate it 'at night'."

"Whom do the pictures represent?" asked Lillian, as the meal progressed. "They are Borradales—all of them. The pictures were brought here from Adderly when the family gave up living there. They are supposed to be very fine works of art, but I don't understand very much about pictures. I want you to notice them particularly—after dinner, Lillian, not now," Esther whispered the last words as if she feared being overheard by the servants. "There is something strange in connection with them," she continued in a careless voice. "There are two at the end of the room which did not come from Adderly—Harold's mother and Harold himself. The picture of Harold was painted just before I knew him."

Conversation after this followed the ordinary conventional lines. Lillian spoke of New York and announced that she had practically adopted two children. They were proteges of Von Goldenstein, and he had asked her to look after them. She had decided that she was not justified in telling, even to Esther, the true story of the millionaire and of his inheritance.

"We will take coffee in my boudoir," said Esther, after the butler had set the dessert and wine upon the table. "You can take it up there in a quarter of an hour."

As soon as the man had closed the door behind him Esther breathed a deep sigh and pushed back her chair. "At last," she cried, "we shall be at liberty to talk. I've been in such a state of impatience that I could hardly control myself. You must forgive me, Lillian, if I am nervous and excitable—not quite myself. Such strange things are happening in this house. God knows I'm not superstitious. I never believed there were any ghosts even at Adderly—I don't believe there is anything of the sort now—but all the same I can find no explanation for what is taking place."

"Esther Pleads Forgiveness." "There was never anything about this house to frighten people—it hasn't even got a haunted room—yet the servants are leaving because they declare there is something wrong. Some of them say Mrs. Borradale is 'walking'—that is their expression. Oh, Lillian, do you think you can help me? I know it is not kind of me to bring you to such a place; but I have so much confidence in you, and you know so much about me and my wretched affairs—I really could not help myself. Will you forgive me and do your utmost?"

Lillian did her best to comfort her friend with cheerful words. It was all nonsense to talk of ghosts, she said; there was enough trouble among the living Borradales without thinking of interference from the dead.

"Let's go to a more cheerful room," she said, "and sit before the fire, cozily, as we used to do, and you shall tell me all about it."

"Very well," said Esther wearily. "But I want you to look at these pictures first." She took a lamp from the side table—it had a red shade, which deadened the light, and which Esther removed. Then she raised it so that Lillian could see the pictures. It was the portrait of a handsome man of the Jacobite period.

"It is of him that they tell the story of the Curse," said Esther. "Look well at his face."

"He is handsome," said Lillian, "though his face is rather thin and his eyes hollow. He looks as if he had known trouble."

"Phasing a Resemblance." "Do you see any resemblance between him and Harold?" "None whatever."

"No, I'm sure. I'm certain there is no resemblance. But now come and look at the picture of Harold and his mother."

Esther led the way to the further end of the room, where the more modern pictures hung. "The first is Harold's," she said, holding up the lamp once more. "As I told you, the picture was taken of him just before I knew him, and there were no handsomer men than he in America. Look at it now. It is some devil's work."

Lillian examined the picture carefully. "Do you see that it is Harold?" she asked. "Sure? Why, I have known the picture ever since I have known Harold. He is just like him—the blue, honest eyes, the full face, the waving hair, the broad shoulders. Just as he used to be. And look at it now!"

It seemed, indeed, that some subtle change had been wrought in the picture. The face was thinner, the eyes more deeply set, and the shoulders sloped. It was Harold, and yet it was not Harold. It bore a suggestion of a likeness to the other picture, vague, indefinable, but a strong resemblance to Lillian's mind.

"Esther," she said, in an awed voice, "it is like the other Borradales—those of Adderly. There is a strong resemblance between them all."

Another Installment of "The Wolves of New York" on This Page

Magazine Page

White Waist, Skirt and Sleeveless Sweater

Republished by Special Permission Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.



HOW TO PUT UP PINEAPPLE

By Ellen I. Kelley,
Director, Department of Household Science, National War Garden Commission.

It is advisable for the housewife to can local food surplus. Pineapples are easily canned, and if not shipped from a distance may be profitably put up for home use.

Select firm pineapples for canning. Pare, remove eyes, shred or cut into slices or small pieces. Save the juice which escapes while cutting and strain and reserve. Blanch pieces to five minutes, cold dip and pack in jar.

Cover with boiling syrup of medium grade, made with one part sugar to two parts water. The pineapple juice contains 7 per cent of sugar, and when it has accumulated in sufficient quantity it may be used for the syrup. The juice may be canned separately for use as a beverage. Pineapple canned for children is wholesome put up in this way.

After packing the jar and filling spaces with hot liquid, put on rubber and top. Adjust the top ball or screw top on with thumb and little finger.

Sterilize thirty minutes in hot water bath, or ten minutes at five to ten pounds steam pressure. Remove, complete seal, and cool.

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"I have been different but now I see that he must have been like his brothers. This portrait proves it."

"It has been tampered with," cried Lillian excitedly. "I tell you, it was never like this. It was Harold—the Harold I loved—till a few days ago. This picture was once such a comfort to me, Lillian; I used often and often to come and look at it when I wished to be reminded of Harold as he was. But they won't even allow me that solace—they must disguise it and make it hateful. Oh, why do they do it? Why?"

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This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the death in 1885 of General Ulysses S. Grant, one of our greatest military leaders and twice President. During a long and painful illness General Grant wrote his famous memoirs, which form a wonderful history of the Civil War.

The Child Who's Neat

HAS MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR

Are You, Father and Mother, Teaching Your Boys and Girls the Value of Tidiness.

By LORETTA C. LYNCH.

"If only my mother had taught me tidiness my life might not be the broken thing it is," sighed a disheartened woman. "And yet, when I look back I scarcely blame him."

And for the story? It went something like this: She came of a large family. She married a fine young man. She had a lovely little home with everything nice and new and shining in it—at the beginning.

"What was the matter, son?" asked the mother when her boy returned to his former home.

"His cleanliness, her lack of tidiness about the house grew and grew during those two years until I could stand it no longer."

It pained this well-trained boy to see the furnishings of the little home he strove so hard to get neglected until they looked abused.

And the young wife realized when it was too late how much her negligent mother was to blame. Her mother was big and fat and good-natured. Every night when the youngsters were "tucked in" she made the rounds picking up their clothes from the floor. These she heaped into an enormous pile on an unbecoming chair.

Every morning before school time there was a search for belongings. The children blocked and quarreled over their belongings, and the indulgent

mother compromised by letting them wear one another's clothing. The boys came and went. Half an hour's search through every room in the house was actually made before it could be located.

Toward the youngsters all dried on the same one when it could be found, and when an evening broke-out on one's face, by the "will of Providence," and what difference did it make whether the tablecloth was dirty or clean—what difference did it make how the dishes were thrown on the table? It was just the same as if she would excuse.

Cleanliness, neatness, a tidy personal appearance the children were taught to reserve for Sundays, when people could see them. But, alas! there had not been enough Sundays in the life of this young woman to make tidy appearance a fixed habit.

Married life offered any number of possibilities to indulge her slovenly habits. Never having been taught to think ahead or arise early, there was no time for a good young bride slipping into an ill-fitting kimono and impossible slippers and "cooking at a makeshift breakfast."

Of course, there was never a towel in the bathroom, and the poor husband had to rake through a quantity of soiled linen to find one that he had used some moons before.

She had the "good enough for us" idea even when the husband had asked her on several occasions why he always ate from a dirty table cloth.

Sometimes it's the other way. A boy brought up in a home where neatness in manners and tidiness is considered a cruelty to children picks as a life's partner a very tidy girl, and the lack of tidiness on the part of the husband is a very sore spot in the marriage.

A reader, recognizing her lack of early training in this respect, writes and asks me what she is going to do about it now. She said "I wish I could be a little tidier, in my pretty home, tell me what to do."

A newspaper article recently came to my notice in which a temperamental movement described the present day fad of efficiency in the home. And yet I can see no other way to help the woman who comes to me with her lack of tidiness and good housekeeping than to advise her to simplify her housekeeping and then write out a list of which the reader will perform thoroughly a particular task at a set time each day for a long, long time.

If you have not been taught tidiness at home do not despair. It is not easy to form new habits in maturity, but certainly it is not impossible. Go slowly at first. Choose one room, the growing-up of a shortcoming in this direction. If you find in the morning that you have just stepped out of your clothes and into a bed, put up and press those ill-treated clothes and then make yourself purchase a Thrift Stamp, shall I say for punishment? And to the mothers of today who are training their children for tomorrow, let me say that while it may cause you considerable extra trouble to inculcate neatness and tidiness in your little charges, not only they, but the community as well, will thank you in the years to come.

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Puss in Boots, Jr.

An Entertaining Good Night Series for Young and Old.

By LORETTA C. LYNCH.

"YOU remember in the last story that the little Blue Bird had just sat down for breakfast with the Gnome King. Well, in less time than I can take to tell it, several nimble little men of the forest placed grains of wheat and a goblet of golden fruit upon the table, and after she had eaten it took her a few moments to tell him all about Puss."

"Come, let us hasten," he said, and spilling into his pocket his magic pipe and little piece of soap, he left the cave and walked rapidly towards a small clearing. Leaning over a pool in the hollow of the grassy earth, he filled his pipe, rubbed the soap about the rim, and in a moment more blew a large soap bubble.

Then taking the little Blue Bird in his hand, he opened a small door and entered the magic soap bubble. Up and up it went, until it was well above the tops of the trees. Then it turned towards the east where he rising sun was gilding the sky with its golden beams.

Paster and faster it sailed, overtaking in a short time the Fairy Queen and her three ladies-in-waiting, mounted on their friendly robins. In the distance could be seen the turrets of the castle, gleaming in the morning sun.

"Now, little Blue Bird," said the Gnome, opening the little door of the big soap bubble as it hovered above the castle. "Fly down and tell Puss that help is near. Also tell the royal princess, who I see is still asleep at her window." Off flew the Blue Bird on her happy errand.

Then the Princess threw her arms around her dear brother, while Puss thanked the Gnome King again and again for coming to their rescue.

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HOW TO SAVE ON SUGAR

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I have been engaged to a young man for some time. Long ago another young man whom I had only thought of as a friend asked me to marry him. I refused, and he went on as though nothing had happened. He has enlisted in the army and is now in active service. When he first went away he wrote me, and I, thinking it was right that I should answer, wrote him. We are corresponding now, and every letter I get from him he speaks of waiting for him and of the time when he comes back and we can be married. A. B.

I think it would have been well had you told him in your very first letter that you were engaged; since you did not, surely you owe it to this soldier to be honest with him. Not honest in a brutal, ugly, cruel way—but honest with a fine simplicity that will do much to make him respect you, and that won't give him a feeling of heart-break and friendlessness over in France.

How Do You Stand?

Dear Miss Fairfax:

A and B are both in love with me and they would both make good husbands. B making the better, being more generous and considerate of others.

A is still in the United States, while B has been in foreign service for a long time.

I like A better than B, but will not see B till the war is over. I have not given either one any definite answer, but have promised to give B a fair chance to win me.

A and B know nothing about each other. Do you think I ought to let them know how they stand? S. C.

You need more than a "good husband"; you need a real mate—a man you can love. You talk about liking and discussing which of these

Two business men were discussing their partner during his absence from the office.

A funny chap, Rattlepate," said one.

"How's that?" asked the other.

"Well, can you believe it, he didn't meet the prettiest girl in the world during his holidays."

"Who He Was 'Wi'?"

It happened in Edinburgh. A small, full, high-rig pressed his face to the glass of a sweetshop. A facetious tourist touched him on the shoulder, and smiled down at him, said gently, "Well, little man, are you wee MacGregor?"

"Now," the boy replied pitying, shaking the hand from his shoulder, "Am 'wi' ma mother."